THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 20, 1801.

## THE LITTLE CAPTAIN;

### A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF VALOUR AND GENEROSITY.

IN the beginning of the ſummer, 1708, Queen Anne, among many other ſhips which were put in commiſſion, had one, a veſſel of 70 guns, commanded by —— Smith, a concealed papiſt, and one who bore an implacable hatred to his country. His ſhip was ſtationed to guard the coaſts; and, as it did not compoſe part of any fleet, the captain was at liberty to cruize with her as he thought proper. He accordingly ſailed to Gottenburgh, where he ſold her majeſty's ſhip of war, whether to the king of Sweden, or to private merchants, hiſtory does not ſay. Be that as it will Monſ. Mezeray affirms, he received the price, and immediately after retired into France, to offer his ſervices to Louis XIV. againſt his native country. The king received him very graciouſly, and promiſed him the firſt captain's commiſſion that ſhould be vacant; but, in the mean time, adviſed him to ſerve as a volunteer aboard the galley of M. Langeron, at Dunkirk; and that orders ſhould be given to receive him with that reſpect which was his due. The advice of kings is but a concealed manner of commanding, at leaſt Smith took it in that light, and obeyed. The Chevalier Langeron received him very politely, and entertained him at his own expence.

The French hiſtorian ſays, in all our fruitleſs expeditions to the coaſt of England, Smith's was one. He often adviſed a deſcent upon that coaſt, in order to burn the towns, that he might at once have an opportunity of ſhewing his bravery, and gratify his unnatural hatred; but it was thought too dangerous to comply. The coaſts were guarded by patroling parties, while large bodies of trained troops were placed at convenient diſtances from

each other; a ſpecies of animals French ſailors do not care to meddle or interfere with. Smith, burning with rage againſt England had his head filled with nothing but ſchemes to offend it; amongſt the reſt he ſent propoſals to the French court of burning Harwich, a little town ſituated near the mouth of the Thames, provided ſix gallies were ſubmitted to his command. The king approved his project, gave orders to Commodore Langeron to follow Captain Smith's inſtructions in the whole of the expedition, and to the intendant to furniſh whatever was neceſſary towards carrying it on. The Chevalier Langeron felt ſome repugnance at being ſubjected to the controul of a ſtranger, inveſted with no commiſſion; however, he obeyed with ſeeming ſatisfaction, while Smith gave the neceſſary directions for collecting combuſtibles, and a reinforcement of ſoldiers, with whatever elſe was thought neceſſary.

Every thing being in readineſs, we put to ſea on the 5th of September, in a fine clear morning, with a gentle favourable wind at north-eaſt. We arrived at the mouth of the Thames without uſing our oars, at about five o'clock in the evening. But Smith being of opinion that we were too early, and that we might be diſcovered if we came too near the ſhore, ordered us to ſtand off to ſea till night fall, and to make our deſcent when it was dark. We had not laid to half an hour, when the ſailor at the maſt-head cried out, "A fleet to the north, ſteering weſt, thirty-ſix ſail, merchant-built, and eſcorted by a ſmall frigate of about thirty guns." It was, in fact, a fleet of merchant ſhips who had left the Texel, and were making for the mouth of the Thames.

Our commodore immediately called a council of war, in which it was concluded, that, without regarding Harwich, we ſhould endeavour to make ourſelves maſters of this fleet; that this would be doing the king better ſervice than burning Harwich; that an opportunity would every day offer for doing that, but ſo rich a booty as this would ſeldom occur. Theſe reaſons, nevertheleſs, did not in the leaſt influence Captain Smith; he proteſted againſt their reſolutions, alledging that his majeſty's orders ſhould be obeyed, without being drawn away by any different enterprize, and that we ſhould ſteer to the ſouth to prevent being ſeen by this fleet.

The council of war perſevered in their reſolution, ſecretly pleaſed at thwarting the deſigns of a man whom they regarded with envy, and whoſe ſucceſs would but give them cauſe to repine.

The reſult of the deliberations of the council was, an order to the ſix captains to attack this fleet. We made all poſſible haſte, with both ſails and oars, and as it approached us while we made towards it, we ſoon came up.

Our commodore had given orders for four of the gallies to inveſt, if poſſible, and maſter the merchant ſhips, which was an

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eaſy matter, as ſuch veſſels are for the moſt part defenceleſs; while our galley, which was commodore, and that of Chevalier Mauviliers, ſhould attack and become maſters of the frigate, which ſerved for convoy.

In purſuance of theſe diſpoſitions, four gallies took a compaſs to ſurround the merchantmen, and cut off their entrance into the Thames, while we went directly to attack the frigate. The frigate perceiving our deſign, and the danger which threatened the whole, or the greateſt part of the fleet, took its meaſures accordingly. It was an Engliſh ſhip, the captain of which had the character of being one of the moſt reſolute, yet prudent commanders in the Britiſh navy; and, indeed, his conduct in this conjuncture did not give fame the lie. He ordered the merchantmen to crowd all the ſail poſſible to get into the Thames; doubting not, for his own part, but he ſhould be able with his little frigate to cut out work enough for ſix French galleys; and let what would be the reſult of the engagement, he was determined not to give out till he ſaw the ſhips under his convoy in ſafety. Purſuant to this reſolution, he ſpread his ſails, and bore down upon us, as if he intended to be the firſt aggreſſor.

Of the two gallies ordered to attack the frigate, our's alone was in a capacity to begin the engagement, as our aſſociate had fallen back at leaſt a league behind us; either as ſhe did not ſail ſo faſt as we, or elſe her captain choſe to let us have the honour of ſtriking the firſt blow. Our commodore, who ſeemed no way diſturbed at the approach of the frigate, thought our galley alone was more than a match for the Engliſhman; but the ſequel will ſhew, that he was ſomewhat deceived in this conjecture.

As we both mutually approached each other, we were ſoon ſoon within cannon-ſhot, and accordingly the galley diſcharged her broadſide. The frigate, ſilent as death, approached us without firing a gun, but ſeeming ſteadily reſolved to reſerve all her terrors for more cloſe engagement. Our commodore, nevertheleſs, miſtook Engliſh reſolution for cowardice: "What," cried he "is the frigate weary of carrying Engliſh colours? and does ſhe come to ſurrender without a blow!" The boaſt was premature. Still we approached each other, and now were within muſquet-ſhot.

The galley inceſſantly poured in her broadſide and ſmall arms, the frigate all this while preſerving the moſt dreadful tranquility that imagination can conceive. At laſt the Engliſhman ſeemed all at once ſtruck with a panic, and began to fly for it. Nothing gives more ſpirits than a flying enemy; nothing was heard but boaſting among our officers; we could at one blaſt ſink a man of war, aye, that we could, and with eaſe too. If Mr. Engliſh does not ſtrike in two minutes, down he goes, down to the bottom! All this time the frigate was, in ſilence, preparing

for the tragedy which was to enſue. Her flight was but pretended, and done with a view to entice us to board her in her ſtern; which, as being the weakeſt quarter, galleys generally chooſe to attack. Againſt this quarter they endeavoured to drive their beak, and then generally board the enemy, after having cleared their decks with their five pieces of cannon. The commodore, in ſuch a favourable conjuncture as he imagined this to be, ordered the galley to board, and bid the men at the helm to bury her beak, if poſſible, in the frigate. All the ſailors and ſoldiers ſtood ready with their ſabres and battle axes to execute his commands. The frigate, who perceived our intentions dexterouſly avoided our beak, which was juſt ready to be daſhed againſt her ſtern; ſo that inſtead of ſeeing the frigate ſink in the dreadful encounter as was expected, we had the mortification to behold her fairly along ſide of us; an interview which ſtruck us with terror. Now it was that the Engliſh captain's courage was conſpicuous; as he had foreſeen what would happen, he was ready with his grappling irons, and fixed us faſt by his ſide. His artillery began to open, charged with grape-ſhot; all on board the galley were as much expoſed as if upon a raft; not a gun was fired that did not make horrible execution; we were near enough even to be ſcorched with the flame. The Engliſh maſts were filled with ſailors, who threw hand-grenades among us all, that ſcattered wounds and death wherever they fell. Our crew now no longer thought of attacking, they were even unable to make the leaſt defence. The terror was ſo great, as well among the officers as common men, that they ſeemed incapable of reſiſtance. Thoſe who were neither killed nor wounded lay flat and counterfeited death to find ſafety. The enemy, perceiving our fright, to add to our misfortunes, threw in forty or fifty men, who, ſword in hand, hewed down all who ventured to oppoſe, ſparing, however, the ſlaves who made no reſiſtance. After they had cut away thus for ſome time, being conſtrained back by our ſtill ſurviving numbers, they continued to pour infernal fire among us.

*(To be continued)*

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## *On the* HARDNESS *of the* TIMES.

*To the EDITOR,*

SIR,

AMID the univerſal complaints which prevail reſpecting the hardneſs of the times, I hope the following ſketch will not be thought unſeaſonable, as it was written on a ſimilar occaſion, when complaints of dearneſs and ſcarcity, however juſt, were not followed by the natural conſequences of prudent retrenchment and decent economy, *words* that indeed are ſuffered to exiſt,

exiſt, and are not unfrequently uſed, but which have nearly loſt their meaning.

The inhabitants of our country are ſometimes ſaid to be ſo very ſtrange in their opinions, that ſcarcely any two think alike on any ſubject, yet I will venture to ſay there is one particular, in which they are pretty well agreed, I mean, that they are very poor, that money is exceeding ſcarce, and that hardly any man can hold out another twelvemonth. This language has been repeated at certain periodical returns for the laſt fifty years, and in all theſe, the perſons who make uſe of it endeavour to prove, almoſt to a demonſtration, by their way of living, that there is no ſuch thing as a poor man in the nation, that gold is as plenty among them as on the coaſt of Guinea, and that there would be no end of their riches if they did not very ingeniouſly contrive ſundry ways and means to get rid of the ſuperfluous part, and by frequent *bleedings*, bring down their purſes, as well as conſtitutions, to a genteel valetudinary ſtate. A ſhort ſketch of the manners of certain ranks will demonſtrate this fact, although it cannot perhaps be very eaſily accounted for.

To begin, then, with the loweſt claſs: every one talks of the hardneſs of the times: yet even the meaneſt mechanic complains if he be deprived of certain luxuries which are more expenſive than the moſt important of the neceſſaries of life. He goes to his club at leaſt twice a week, and finds it ſo difficult to ſpend on the Sunday what remains of the week's wages, that he is obliged to call in the aſſiſtance of Saint Monday. The tribe of quilters, journeywomen, mantua-makers, charwomen, and laundreſſes, are not content with ſending to India for their breakfaſt, or afternoon's regale, but would fain have their equipage from the ſame quarter, and indulge frequent compariſons, not much to the credit of Worceſterſhire china. Home ſpun linen, and home made ſtuffs are no longer the wear of ſervant maids or milliners' apprentices, who would as ſoon think of making tables and chairs; not a ſingle viſit can be made but in fine muſlin, with a ſuitable proportion of lace, gauzes, and other ſupernumerary articles of the very neweſt faſhion, and therefore conſtantly varying, although no variation takes place in wages, and none in economy. When I have paid a viſit to a family, I have often madamed, and madamed, and ſometimes lady ſhip'd the nurſery-maid, for the miſtreſs of the houſe—not to mention the impoſſibility of diſtinguiſhing the lady's maid from the lady herſelf, unleſs that the latter has the ſuperiority in point of dreſs: nay I have been told that the huſband himſelf ſometimes miſtakes the former for the latter, which muſt, to ſay the leaſt, be a very *unpleaſant* miſtake, as there is no ſaying how far the conſequences of ſuch a blunder may extend—for by a *parity* of *reaſoning*, why may not the wife miſtake John the footman, for Sir John the maſter?

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To rife a ſtep higher: the apprentices and ſhopmen of this metropolis would find gold to be exceedingly troubleſome to them and weightily burthenſome, if they were not to keep a gelding ſtanding idle in the ſtable ſix days in the week, to convey them to the villages near town, on the ſeventh; and if the charitable innkeeper, at ſuch places, do not eaſe them of their load, they are under the neceſſity of imploring the aſſiſtance of the humane tavern-keepers in town, who have ways and means to give them relief in the manner which they ſeem beſt to like, as they ſeldom complain of it, except perhaps wondering the next day how the D—l the money went.

The honeſt, induſtrious tradeſman finds himſelf hard put to it to keep himſelf from growing too rich, although he complains much of trade being ſlack, and the taxes grievouſly heavy. He keeps as good a table as he can, eats of the beſt, not only upon its firſt coming into ſeaſon, but, if poſſible, a great deal ſooner. The more common liquors are beſt to thoſe who can ſpend no more than they can ſpare, while his cellar teems with the choiceſt collection from the moſt celebrated vintages, and he can aſcertain the age of his wines with as much preciſion as the age of his children, and is at as much pains to have them *brought up* to advantage. His family, likewiſe, are not wanting in their endeavours to aſſiſt him in carrying his grand point. But if the additional aid of ſilk-mercers, lacemen, milliners, mantuamakers, and ſtable-keepers, and alſo the expences of a variety of public amuſements, cannot prevent this evil of being over rich: the prudent man ſeeing no hopes of relief in town, and dreading the miſeries of accumulation, and the ſecurity of independence, turns his eyes toward the country, and, as his laſt effort, takes a decent box of four or ſix rooms on a floor, adds another horſe to old Ball, turns the *chay* into a chariot, and, by having two families inſtead of one, and neither attended to, makes a ſhift to keep his wealth tolerably under.

The merchants complain of great loſſes of ſhips, inſurance heavy, foreign commiſſions ſcarce, and almoſt a total ſtop put to trade, owing, in a great meaſure, to the length of the war with France, as it was before owing to the American war, and before that to the ſeven years war, and ſo forth, as far back as wars and grumbling can be traced. Still I find that they are ſo immenſely rich, that it requires greater parts and more ingenuity to ſpend their money than to get it. A merchant's houſe is a palace, though ſometimes built in a ſituation that has not much the appearance of a royal domain; it is a jewel in a dunghill, his furniture is coſtly, his ſervants numerous, his equipage ſplendid, his table magnificent, his wines expenſive: he has too his villa: drives four bays; keeps a pack of dogs (properly ſo called) a ſtud of brood mares; never miſſes Newmarket; keeps open houſe; and perhaps once in ſeven years a ſeat in parliament eaſes

him of a few thouſand pounds; yet with all his endeavours, it often happens that the poor man has ſtill more money than he can ſpend. Nor can it be ſuppoſed that his lady-wife, and his dutiful children, do not do their utmoſt to eaſe him of ſome of the load; and no doubt but my lady's pin-money, her rich jewels, her ſeparate equipage, her viſits abroad, and her viſiting days at home, together with the dutiful extravagance of the ſon, while he is upon his travels from London to Newmarket, or through the expenſive city of London and its neighbour Weſtminſter, muſt be no ſmall relief to him. Yet all will not do; for when every body thinks he is not worth a groat, he is as rich as ever, and does not abate one jot of his induſtry to curtail his wealth. The deſire too of ſome to keep down their wealth, which flows in ſo faſt upon them, is ſo great, that he who has been ſo ſucceſsful as to get rid of his own, thinks he cannot do a greater piece of ſervice for a friend labouring in the ſame vocation, than to ſpend for him, as faſt as he can: and one of theſe men of great buſineſs will ſometimes contrive, along with his own, to get rid of the property of five or ſix other people—ſo deteſtable a thing is abundance of wealth, and ſo deſirable it is to reduce it to a proper level.

Before I proceed to conſider the ſuperior claſs of people, thoſe of quality and faſhion, let us take a view of the three profeſſions of law, phyſic, and divinity; and we ſhall find that the ſame dread of growing rich has an equal influence over the actions of many of the members. With reſpect to the firſt profeſſion, the inſtances, indeed, are not ſo frequent; as the greater part of our clergy, to the ſhame of this country be it ſaid, are as poor as they pretend to be, But from what other principle can it ariſe, that ſome, who are well preferred in the church, are induced to keep pace with the luxurious laity in their elegancies of living, unleſs from this, that they are willing to run away from their abundance? Nay, on what other account can it happen, that the paſtor of a tabernacle has his nag-tailed bays and elegant poſt chariot, but that he may reduce himſelf to the ſame indigence with that of his flock?

The young ſtudent of the law complains of his ſhort allowance, and the curmudgeon temper of old Square-toes, his father; yet the young gentleman himſelf would be too rich, if it were not for the aſſiſtance of taylors, barbers, taverns, bagnios, &c. And the young counſel, though he ſcarce gets half a guinea in a term for a ſingle motion, muſt roll down to Weſtminſter-hall in a chariot; he muſt never dine in a hall, but pay a guinea for his ordinary at the other end of the town; and though he ſays he cannot afford to marry, he is obliged to keep a miſtreſs, for fear of being as miſerably rich as his father.

The phyſician of practice, as well as he who can live without it, and drives only from the coffee-houſe to the bookſeller's, and

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from the bookſeller's to the coffee-houſe, to keep up the appearance of buſineſs, takes the ſame pains to prevent a ſuperfluity of wealth. They muſt no doubt imbibe a thorough contempt for riches from the many inſtances they every day meet with of the inefficacy of riches to preſerve life or relieve pain.

But to come now to the ſuperior gentry. What ſhall we think, that though few of them pretend they can give a real ſecurity for a thouſand pounds, though they talk of their eſtates being mortgaged up to the hilts, their tenants breaking, repairs exceſſive, and even carry the farce of pretended poverty ſo very far as to drive up and down the city of London, to borrow one hundred pounds at any rate of intereſt or premium; yet no nobility in any country are ſo opulent; they live like princes in their palaces; in the number and magnificence of their equipages, they vie with their monarch: their retinue is almoſt endleſs: and the routs of the ladies of faſhion are not leſs crowded than a birth-day at court.—The ſplendour of the nobility is not leſs in the country; where they have ſo many ſeats in their own hands, that they ſcarce reſide a month in one place; and it is not uncommon to hear of a ſingle entertainment coſting 1000l. and that 20,000l. depends on a ſingle match at Newmarket. Yet all this is ſo far from keeping their overgrown fortunes within any bounds, thatwe find, when the heir-apparent aſſiſts his noble father, by doubling the expence, all will not do, unleſs he calls in the aid of the ſubſcription gaming-houſes, where, indeed, very effectual relief is adminiſtered in the moſt friendly and cordial way, and with the heartieſt good will, and, I may add, often in the ſhorteſt poſſible time. By theſe well meant endeavours, if a noble lord has an opportunity of diſcharging, before breakfaſt, an immenſe debt of honour, contracted by his ſon the laſt night after ſupper; and if her ladyſhip, at her own rout, plays as ill as her ſon, a circumſtance which often happens, and may always be reaſonably expected, the conſequence is, that the family-eſtate becomes leſs burthenſome, and no uneaſineſs is felt on that account for ſome time.

Nay, I may even hint, by way of concluſion, that a national bankruptcy has been the prevailing dread for many years. We hear every day that the funds cannot bear any additional load without breaking, and that no more taxes can be raiſed, becauſe there is no more money to pay them. Might not I therefore venture to recommend to thoſe who feel too heavily the burthen of accumulating riches, to throw part of their load into the national treaſury, or if that ſhould look like an affectation of being thought patriots and public benefactors, let them do the ſame upon a ſmaller ſcale in the neighbourhood and diſtrict where they reſide. Perhaps, with ſome pains, they might find out deſerving objects, and this I am ſure they will find, that it is by

far the moſt pleaſant way of diſencumbering themſelves from the burthen of wealth.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

TURRIS.

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*Sketch of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Somerſet-Houſe, for the Year* 1801.

THE hiſtorical paintings are chiefly taken from the ſacred writings. In this kind of productions Mr. Weſt has, for ſome time paſt, diſtinguiſhed himſelf. His Majeſty, we underſtand, on this account is particularly partial to him. Indeed a great many of our churches, chapels, and noblemen's ſeats, owe to him ſeveral of their moſt ſplendid decorations. His pencil in this line may be ſaid to be both unwearied and unrivalled. At leaſt we have ſeen many of his pieces which, though not faultleſs, are entitled to a very high degree of our admiration.

We ſhall give a liſt of his ſcriptural pieces in the preſent exhibition: Saul's miraculous converſion, for St. Paul's church, Birmingham; Abraham and Iſaac going to ſacrifice; aſcenſion of our Saviour, for his Majeſty's chapel, Windſor; Moſes from the top of Piſgah ſhewn the promiſed land; Joſhua paſſing the river Jordan with the ark of the covenant, for the Pennſylvania hoſpital, Philadelphia; Chriſt healing the ſick; and Hannah preſenting Samuel to Eli. Theſe pictures, indeed, poſſeſs different degrees of merit, but they are, on the whole, ably executed. Abraham and Iſaac, Joſhua paſſing Jordan, and Chriſt healing the ſick, are highly characteriſtic; the countenances glow with an appropriate ſentiment; the ſcenery is adapted to the event repreſented, and the whole impreſſion is favourable to virtue and piety. The Bible is a ſtorehouſe of ſublime facts; the pencil therefore is well employed on ſuch ſubjects.

With Chriſt's entry into Jeruſalem, by H. Singleton, we were not particularly ſtruck; but the elevation of the brazen ſerpent in the Wilderneſs, by Hamilton, and the flight to Egypt, by Arnold, are pleaſingly executed.

In profane hiſtory we remarked only one capital painting, which is done by Woodforde; the ſubject, Charles the Firſt, when in the hands of the army, after repeated ſolicitations, was allowed an interview with his children, the Dukes of York and Glouceſter, and Princeſs Elizabeth, then under the care of the Earl and Counteſs of Northumberland, at which Oliver Cromwell was preſent, July, 1647. The unfortunate monarch diſcovers the eagerneſs of a parent to embrace his children, who preſs toward him with pleaſing indications of filial affection, whilſt Oliver Cromwell looks on with a countenance ſtrongly expreſſive of the paſſions with which his boſom muſt at that moment

have been agitated. The head-dreſs of the counteſs is characteriſed by a peculiar neatneſs and ſimplicity.

Portraits are to be met with in their uſual abundance. Thoſe of the mayor of Norwich, John Herring, Eſq. and of Dr. Valpy, maſter of Reading-ſchool, by Opie, are beautiful and impreſſive. The Duke of York, by Beechy, and the Duke of Clarence, by Shee, are good likeneſſes; as are alſo William Pitt, Eſq. General Paoli; Peter Pindar, Eſq. the author of the Farmer's Boy; Mr. H. D. Symonds, the bookſeller; and Bacon, the ſtatuary.—But the maſter-piece in this department is Hamlet, by Lawrence: the figure is truly grand, the features are expreſſive, and the paſſions are pourtrayed with an inimitable fidelity.

Of the landſcapes and views, many are taken from the principality of Wales. The wildneſs of its ſcenes makes them proper ſubjects for the pencil. A ſtorm, by Pocock; a ſummer evening, by Cranmer; morning, noon, evening, and night, by Wheatley; view of the coaſt of Kent; the bird's neſt; Eaſt Cowes Caſtle, Iſle of Wight, by Barrett; view of Cader Iris, by Varley; view of Chriſtiana, in Norway, by Edy; a ſcene through a rock, by Burrill; view of Carnarvon Caſtle, by Pocock; together with a view of Caſtle-Acre Monaſtery, near Swaffham, Norfolk, and a view near Dolgelly, by J. Baynes, poſſeſs conſiderable merit, and forcibly arreſted our attention.

The miniatures are very numerous this year, and ſeveral of them ſeem happily executed. His Majeſty, by Bone; Miſs Linwood, by Shelly; and Mr. R. K. Porter, together with many others, made a pleaſing appearance. But theſe miniatures loſe much of their intereſt by our not knowing the originals; the likeneſſes, therefore, cannot, by indifferent ſpectators, be recogniſed. Mr. Hazlitt gave us his own picture, but we were ſorry to find that none of his other productions graced the collection.

Of moral pictures there were a few that engaged our attention. The ſevere ſteward, or unfortunate tenant, by Bigg, was highly intereſting, and replete with inſtruction. The diſtreſs of the females was deeply depicted, and well calculated to affect our ſenſibility. Folly interrupting meditation, by Ruſſel, was impreſſive. The holiday feaſt, by Miſs Spilſbury, was marked by an appropriate merriment and feſtivity. Nor muſt we forget to notice a Newfoundland dog ſaving a child, and the child recovered and brought to his parents, which were truly intereſting. In viewing the former we were agitated by fear, in contemplating the latter we were elevated with joy.—The moſt maſterly piece of this kind is, The love-ſick maid, or the doctor puzzled, by Opie, B. A.

" She never told her love."

Every

Every attitude, every look of the patient, marks her deplorable condition. The very features of the phyſician indicate that he is of opinion that ſomething more efficacious than medicine muſt bring about the recovery.—We ſhall only juſt add, that we were pleaſed with the millenial age, by Corbould.

———" The mother ſees,
" And ſmiles to ſee her infant's playful hand
" Stretch'd forth to dally with the creſted worm,
" To ſtroke his azure neck, or to receive
" The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue."

COWPER.

Among the ludicrous pieces, Sancho Panca, in his government of Barataria, and Don Quixote recommending Roſinante to the care of the governor of the caſtle, as the fineſt creature in the world, are very diverting; becauſe both the figures, and the attendant ſcenes, exhibited a joint power in awakening our riſibility.

The ſea pieces are pretty numerous. A ſtorm, by Girtin, and his Majeſty's ſhip Anſon, Captain P. C. Durham, in action with five French frigates, being part of the ſquadron which had been engaged with, and were making their eſcape from the Britiſh under Commodore Sir J. B. Warren, October 12, 1798, were worthy of applauſe. Others of merit might be ſpecified, but we are ſtudious of brevity.

In the model academy below, we marked with pleaſure plans of London Bridge, Sidney-Gardens, Bath, the palace of Dido, deſcribed by Virgil, and Sir William Jones compiling the Hindoo laws, together with ſeveral monuments. The palace of Dido, indeed, was characteriſed by an uncommon degree of magnificence and glory.

Upon the whole, we were tolerably well gratified with the preſent exhibition, though its chief trait is a pleaſing mediocrity. At the ſame time, the love-ſick maid, by Opie, moonlight view from nature, by Pether, together with fruits and flowers, by Hewlet, are incomparable productions. Thoſe were highly impreſſive in their effect. We can, without heſitation, declare that they poſſeſs a decided ſuperiority.

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## *On the Love of our Country, and the ſuppoſed Superiority of the Republican Form of Government.*

[From the fifth Volume of Dr. Hugh Blair's Sermons, publiſhed ſince his Death.

IT may be proper to take notice of the ſpeculations of ſome pretended philoſophers, who repreſent the love of our coun-

try as hardly entitled to any place among the virtues. They affect to conſider it as a mere prejudice of education; a narrow attachment, which tends to operate againſt more enlarged intereſts. We ought, ſay they, to view ourſelves as citizens of the world, and extend our benevolence, equally, to all nations and all mankind.—Nothing can be more empty and futile than ſuch reaſonings. The wiſdom of our Creator hath linked us by the ties of natural affection, firſt to our families and children; next to our brothers, relations, and friends; then to our acquaintance, and to the ſeveral ſocieties and communities to which we belong. By inſtincts implanted in our nature, he has formed our hearts to enter readily into their intereſts; and has thus directed our benevolence to act primarily within that ſphere, where its exertions can be moſt powerful and moſt uſeful. It is evident, that by acting on this plan, the general welfare is promoted in a much higher degree, than if our ſocial affections had no particular direction given them, but were to float, as it were, in empty ſpace, without any more determined object on which to act than the whole human race, where they never could act with any effect. He who contends that he is not bound to have any more concern for the intereſts of Great-Britain than for thoſe of France, or any other country, ought to hold, on the ſame grounds, that he is under no obligation to conſult the welfare of his children and family, his brothers and friends, more than that of the moſt diſtant ſtranger; being equally connected, as he holds, with all, by the common brotherhood of the human race. It is much to be ſuſpected, that this wonderful extenſive philanthropy is only the language of thoſe who have no affections at all; or perhaps, that it is the language aſſumed by ſome, who, bearing in their hearts a ſecret preference to the intereſts of another country above their own, but a preference which they chooſe not to avow, affect to cover it under this diſguiſe, of a liberal, enlarged mind.

We are called upon, by a certain ſet of men, to look to a republic as the glory of all governments. There, we are told, every man comes forth to act his part with vigour; and by the exertion of his talents, has opportunities of riſing to the higheſt diſtinction and power.—In reply to this, let it be obſerved, firſt, that there are no advantages claimed by a republic, but what under the Britiſh conſtitution are enjoyed to the full. On the exertion of any laudable and honourable talent whatever, no reſtraint is laid; no odious diſtinctions take place between the nobility and the people; no ſevere excluſive privileges are poſſeſſed by the former to the prejudice of the latter; but merit in every rank has the freeſt ſcope, and examples abound of perſons riſing by their talents, from ordinary rank and humble birth to high diſtinction in the ſtate.

But

But next, it may be bo boldly aſſerted, that of all the forms of government which have been eſtabliſhed on the earth, the republican is attended with the greateſt diſadvantages to thoſe who live under it. In a ſmall ſtate, where the people reſemble the inhabitants of one family, the management of their concerns can more ſafely be carried on by their own joint counſels, without any ſupreme magiſtrate. But if government be extended over a large territory, and over numerous inhabitants of different orders and fortunes, it has ever been found impoſſible to preſerve any well-regulated balance of power under a republican conſtitution. It has ever been, and never can be, any other, than a perpetual conteſt between oligarchy and democracy; between the rich and the poor; between a few popular leaders who aſpire to the chief influence, and the unruly violence of a turbulent unruly multitude. In ſuch ſtates an internal warfare of this kind has been almoſt always carried on, with ſuch violent convulſions and party animoſities, as have given riſe to more miſeries than have been ſuffered under any other form of government whatever.—To no purpoſe are quoted to us the heroes of Greece and Rome. Amid the agitations of popular government, occaſions will ſometimes be afforded for eminent abilities to break forth with peculiar luſtre. But while public agitations allow a few individuals to be uncommonly diſtinguiſhed, the general condition of the people remains calamitous and wretched. Under deſpotic governments, miſerable indeed is the condition of thoſe who are near the throne. But while they are often the ſport, and the victims of capricious cruelty, the ordinary maſs of the people, at a diſtance from the thunder of power, are left, for the moſt part, in their inferior ſtations, unmoleſted. Whereas, under a multitude of popular governors, oppreſſion is more extenſively felt. It penetrates into the interior of families; and by republican tyranny, the humble and obſcure are liable to be as much haraſſed and vexed, as the great and the wealthy.

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## ACCOUNT *of an* EXTRAORDINARY RECOVERY.

To the PRINTER,

SIR, *Swanſea, Wales, July* 4, 1801.

ON Tueſday laſt a moſt ſingular circumſtance occurred in this neighbourhood. Mr. Roberts, of Devonſhire, a gentleman who loſt both hands ſome years ſince by the burſting of an handgranadoe ſhell, was on a viſit to his friend, Captain Prance, of this town, who alſo loſt both hands in an engagement with a French privateer, in the early part of the preſent war. Theſe gentlemen were walking on the ſands by the ſea ſide, from Swanſea to Britton Ferry, when, about three miles from Swanſea,

ſea, they ſaw, at a conſiderable diſtance before them, a perſon naked, bathing in the river, of whom they did not take any particular notice at firſt, but as they continued their walk, and drew nearer the perſon, they thought the actions were rather uncommon for a perſon ſwimming, which attracted their attention. They continued walking nearer to the place, and perceived the body ſwam like a bladder on the ſurface of the water, quite motionleſs, which cauſed Mr. Prance to obſerve, he thought the man was drowned. Mr. Roberts replied, he did not think ſo, for if that was the caſe, he would ſink; but he thought the man was a good ſwimmer, and was floating on his back. However Mr. Prance ran to the water ſide, called to Mr. Roberts, that the man was ſurely drowned, and that his face was downward. In the interim two Welch women, cockle-pickers, came in ſight, and were called to aſſiſt in getting the body on ſhore. The two gentlemen held arms with the women, and went as far as they could into the water, but were prevented reaching the body by reaſon of the bank of the river being very ſteep, and within the next ſtep of the outermoſt.

In conſequence they were obliged to wait the body's drifting nearer the ſhore, which they did about five minutes, when they made a ſecond attempt, but ineffectual as the firſt, and for the ſame reaſon. At this time the wind, which was gently blowing to the ſhore, ſeemed to increaſe, and the ebb tide being ſtrong the body was drifted very quickly down the river, and withal nearer the ſhore, when they made a third attempt, and ſucceeded in drawing the body to land, when to their great ſurpriſe they diſcovered it to be a young woman. One of the Welch women, who had two little children at a diſtance, ran off to them, terrified with the ſight, which was truly melancholy, not the leaſt ſymptom of life appearing. About a mile from the ſpot was ſeen a houſe, and Mr. Prance knowing Welch, ran off to get aſſiſtance, when Mr. Roberts was left with one of the Welch women, with whom he could not communicate or direct, from their ignorance of each other's language. In this ſituation Mr. Roberts thought no time was to be loſt in uſing the means to recover the body; he then proceeded to roll the body on the ſand, which is very fine, and gathered about the body, which with his ſtump he rubbed pretty luſtily, and in about ten minutes he perceived the eyes moved, on which he, animated with the hope of reſtoring her, redoubled his applications, and pointed to the Welch woman to fetch her clothes, which lay ſome diſtance off. The woman then got on a petticoat on the body, and Mr. Roberts thinking it better to remove the body from the wet ſand and the ſea air, took her on his ſhoulder, and carried her about a quarter of a mile over the burrows or a ridge of ſand, which ſheltered them from the wind, and the weather having been hot for ſeveral days before, the dry ſand was quite warm, on which he laid the body,

covering the legs and feet with it, and continuing to rub her with ſand. She now began to be agitated, and vomited the ſea water pretty copiouſly. In a little time ſhe began to ſpeak, and the Welch woman joined by her companion, who had before ran off, aſſiſted in getting on her clothes. Very fortunately the ſhift was Welch flannel, which, when recovered, the young woman ſaid, ſhe felt very confortable on her. At this time Mr. Prance returned with a woman and two men, having a barrel and a quantity of ſalt, which was then of no particular ſervice, it happening that on Mr. Prance's coming to the houſe no one was in it but a child, who informed him the family were haymaking in the field, whom with difficulty and length of time he at laſt found, after being abſent about three quarters of an hour. She was now aſſiſted in moving about, and began to talk tolerably intelligible. After ſeeing her taken care of at the houſe, and giving the people a few ſhillings for their attention, the gentlemen went on their way, and at even returning, they called at the houſe, and found the young woman was got about pretty well, and had walked off for Neath.

She was a Mary Williams, from Carmarthen, had been about as is uſual, a haymaking, and been working that day for a gentleman of Neath, who ſent her for a pitcher of ſea water, which in order to get genuine, ſhe had come ſo far down the river, and being (as ſhe afterwards ſaid) pretty warm with the walk, ſhe ſtripped to bathe (it being at that ſtate of tide an unfrequented ſpot), and unfortunately walked over the bank.

It may be of ſome ſervice to the public to inform them, that fine ſand is a moſt excellent thing to rub an apparently drowned perſon with, and, perhaps, better than ſalt.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

T. W. WIMPOLE.

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## ACCOUNT *of the* MUSEUMS *of* CATANIA.

[From the Abbe Spallanzani's Travels.]

THE city of Catania, during my ſtay there, amply afforded me the means of inſtruction and entertainment. The two muſeums, the one belonging to the Prince di Biſcari, and the other to the Benedictine fathers, beſide the various objects they contain relative to the arts and antiquities, are alſo furniſhed with a collection of natural productions, and will be found to correſpond to the great expectations that may have been formed of them from the advantageous deſcriptions of Reideſel, Brydone, and Borch. That of the prince is diſtinguiſhed by ſome rare ſpecimens, which might adorn the richeſt, and moſt extenſive collections. But in that city a third muſeum, hitherto little known,

known, becauſe it is new, is beginning to flouriſh. It may be ſaid it is yet in its infancy; but the infant may become a giant. The poſſeſſor and founder of it is the Chevalier Giœni. His firſt intention was to collect the moſt curious and intereſting productions of the Sicilian ſea; and he has ſucceeded admirably.

We here find dry preparations for the fiſhes, moſt remarkable for their form or the rarity of their ſpecies. It is equally well furniſhed with ſpecimens of the principal cruſtaceous animals of that ſea, but the numerous and choſen collection of thoſe of the teſtaceous kind is the principal ornament of this muſeum. With reſpect to theſe, we find a practice adopted we meet with in no other cabinet. As there are ſome extremely minute ſhells, in ſize not exceeding a grain of ſand, which it is impoſſible to view diſtinctly with the naked eye, they are as it were loſt in the greater part of other muſeums; but here they are placed, methodically diſtributed, at the bottom of ſmall tubes, at the other end of which is a lens, by the aid of which, the eye is enabled to diſcover the beauty of its colours, the peculiarity of the involutions, the infinite variety of the forms, the windings of the apertures, the cavities, prominences, points, threads, &c. In fine, theſe points of organized matter, by this means, equally with the larger cruſtaceous animals, afford pleaſure to the eyes of the curious, and uſeful inſtruction to the learned, for characteriſing the ſpecies.

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*Letter from the late Robert Burns to Mrs. Dunlop.*

MADAM, *Brow, on the Solway Frith, July* 12, 1796.

I Have written you ſo often, without receiving any anſwer, that I would not trouble you again but for the circumſtances in which I am. An illneſs, which has long hung about me, in all probability will ſpeedily ſend me beyond that "bourne whence no traveller returns." Your friendſhip, with which for many years you have honoured me, was a friendſhip deareſt to my ſoul. Your converſation, and eſpecially your correſpondence, were at once highly entertaining and inſtructive. With what pleaſure did I uſe to break up the ſeal! The remembrance yet adds one pulſe more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!!! R. B.

N. B. The above letter was ſuppoſed to be his laſt production—he died on the 21ſt, nine days afterwards. Peace be to his memory!

## REMARKS *on the* LEPROSY.

HENTZNER (ſays the late Hon. D. Barrington), who was in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth (and perhaps the firſt travelling tutor to a young nobleman in the tour of Europe), informs us, that the Engliſh were at that time much ſubject to the leproſy. I ſhould doubt if this ſuppoſed leproſy was any thing more than the ſcurvy; and if we ever had that horrible diſtemper amongſt us, it is not impoſſible that greater cleanlineſs by change of linen, as alſo the uſe of tea having aboliſhed the more ſolid and ſubſtantial breakfaſt of meat, may have much abated its rigour. There were ſo many lepers in Paris in 1321, that they were burnt, together with the Jews, both being charged with a conſpiracy.—Montf. t. ii. p. 227.

## AN ANECDOTE.

THE houſe (at Werndee), ſays Mr. Coxe, in his Hiſtorical Tour in Monmouthſhire, which has been lately repaired, for the uſe of the tenant, was in ſuch a ſtate of dilapidation, that the father of the laſt proprietor, Mr. Proger, was in danger of periſhing under the ruins of the ancient manſion, which he venerated even in decay. As we examined the houſe, Mr. Dinwoody related an anecdote of this Mr. Proger, which exhibits his pride of anceſtry in a ſtriking point of view. A ſtranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrrid, made various inquiries reſpecting the country, the proſpects, and the neighbouring houſes, and among others aſked, "Whoſe is this antique manſion before us?" "That, Sir, is Werndee, a very ancient houſe; for *out* of it *came* the earls of Pembroke, of the firſt line, and the earls of Pembroke, of the ſecond line; the lords Herbert, of Cherbury, the Herberts, of Coldbrook, Rumney, Caerdiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton; the earl of Hunſdon; the Jones's of Treowen and Lanarth, and all the Powells. *Out* of this houſe alſo, by the female line, *came* the dukes of Beaufort." And pray, Sir, who lives there now?" "I do, Sir." Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice: *come out* of it yourſelf, or it will tumble and cruſh you."

## *A* QUESTION, *by Serjeant Thomas Bullock, of the Royal Corniſh and Devon Miners.*

IT is required to find the radius of the greateſt circumſcribing circle of a ſquare, the periphery of whoſe greateſt inſcribed circle is equal to 70 feet.

*Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to E. Penny's Rebus, inſerted May 18.*

YOUR worthy whole, my muſe doth ſcan,
And RIOU proves the gallant man.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; R. W. H. Humphreys, L. H. P. Gove, E. Moon, J. Squance, J. Hill, and J. Smith, of Exeter; W. England, Lyme; J. R. Toulmin; Henricus, of Plymouth; P. A. Kavanagh, of his Majeſty's ſhip Princeſs Royal; George Coulmin, of Broadhempſton; T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton; G. Geach, of Wadebridge; and Serjeant Towning, of the Fifehead Volunteers.

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*Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to J. Squance's Rebus, inſerted May 18.*

A GOLDFINCH, Sir, I have diſclos'd,
To ſolve the queſtion you propos'd.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Hill, L. H. Egbert Moon, J. R. W. H. Humphreys, J. Smith, and P. Gove, of Exeter; W. England, of Lyme; R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton; J. Parry, maſter of the Denbigh band; Novus, of Barnſtaple; J. Swetman, of Melbury Oſmond; E. Penny, of Aſhburton; C. B. W. near Taunton; W. England, Lyme; J. R. Toulmin; R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton; G. Coulman, Barnſtaple; P. A. Kavanagh, of his Majeſty's ſhip Princeſs Royal; T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. Geach, of Wadebridge; R. Baker, of Poole; Edwin, of Chard; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteen; and R. Berry, of Southmolton.

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*A* CHARADE, *by Telamon, of Chard.*

A Term, ye gents. which is oft us'd,
By bankers firſt explore;
Of which to find my firſt, pray take
My firſt part, and no more;
My ſecond in judicial courts
Decides without controul;
And to his fate the wretch conſigns
Who's guilty of my whole.

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*A* CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, of Aſhburton.*

HOW great is the pleaſure my firſt to purſue,
All over the meadows and fields;
But when thro' my ſecond ſhe haſtens adieu,
To all the delights that it yields.
How ſweet is the concert that joins at my whole,
When the birds do melodiouſly ſing;
When the earth is enlightened from pole to the pole,
And the valleys with muſic do ring.

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*A* REBUS, *by J. Squance, of Exeter.*

A Well-known fiſh pray bring to light;
And next a bird that flies by night;
A reſidence for birds I ſay;
And next a ſavage beaſt of prey;
The next a month, part of the year;
And then a tree you will declare;
The initials join you will decide,
A place where England's glory rides.

# POETRY.

*Lines from a Husband to his Wife on the seventh Anniversary of their Wedding. The Husband was at this Time absent from Home, and in search of a country Retirement.*

YE spirits of connubial bliss!
Now hear a husband's prayer;
And on your downy wings a kiss
To dear Eliza bear.

'Tis fraught with tenderness and love,
With love for seven years tried;
And warm as that which Edwin gave
When first he kiss'd his bride.

Gentle spirits, light as air,
Softly to her pillow creep;
And with a train of pleasing dreams
Delight Eliza's sleep.

Before her place a lovely scene,
Array'd with rural pride;
Where groves and meadows spread their green,
And silver currents glide.

Let lofty mountains bound the view,
And seem to prop the skies;
Save where at distance, deeply blue,
The placid ocean lies.

Let not a ripple curl the deep,
Bid all the winds be still;
And every moment of her sleep
With peaceful pictures fill.

Now on the hill, now in the vale,
Her Edwin may she trace;
Or see him on the cliffs inhale
The ocean's healthy breeze.

Then paint, Eliza, to herself,
Seven years a happy bride;
And let her see how love can bear
Her steps to Edwin's side.

Her graceful form darts o'er the beach,
Array'd in snowy vest;
And, spreading wide her beauteous arms,
She clasps him to her breast.

The dear embrace, with equal love,
The happy husband gives;
While every look assures his wife,
'Tis now indeed he lives.

Conduct her, then, ye friendly powers,
Along a shady lane;
Till on a gentle slope she sees
A cottage, neat and plain.

Perhaps no sliding sash may give
The light of day to pass;
But humble lead, in humble squares,
Divides the shining glass.

Close to the door the moss-clad rose
With fragrant blush may grow;
And round the windows, creeping vines
And honey-suckles blow.

Perhaps some dwellings may be near,
Of large, or humble size;
Or we, perchance, may only see
The distant chimnies rise.

A town or hamlet just in sight,
May various wants supply;
And o'er the trees the church's spire
May catch the roving eye.

From hence the sabbath's chiming bells
Will sound along the vale;
And bid us celebrate His praise,
Whose mercies never fail.

And tho' we bend not *there* the knee,
Yet to th' Eternal King,
Beneath some humble roof may we
Our weekly homage bring.

"This," whisper in my charmer's ear,
"This is thy humble lot;
"But health and innocence appear
"The guardians of the cot."

Then tell her what she'll joy to learn,
Tho' pomp is never seen,
That quiet spreads his wings without,
And comfort dwells within.

Thus, dear Eliza, does the muse,
Grateful, the past review;
And fondly try to sketch the bliss,
Still in reserve for you.

Accept, my soul's far better part,
The feeble thanks I pay;
And still allow my throbbing heart
To bless my bridal day.

Seven happy years have o'er us roll'd,
What happiness we owe
To Him who made them years of gold,
And bade us pleasure know.

Have I been sick, Eliza's arms
Have propp'd my weary head;
Have I been well, Eliza's charms
To new delights have led.

Around

Around us seven dear children rise,
Seven props on which to rest;
Eliza, say—what can we wish,
To make us still more blest?

The hill, the storm, we both have known,
A calm we both comprize;
And joy that in the vale of life
Our future duty lies.

If so, with gratitude and love,
We'll to the vale retire;
And teach our children, with ourselves,
To bless the Heav'nly Sire.

The God who fed us all our day,
Shall have our ev'ning songs;
That charming theme, our Maker's praise,
Shall often fill our tongues.

The best instruction we can give,
Our offspring shall attend;
Nor shall they ever want in us
The sympathising friend.

We'll warn them that the world is vain,
And teach them truth to prize:
But will not blacken what we blame,
Nor what is good disguise.

This we'll impress, that God is good,
And while in duty's way,
His helping hand, whate'er our lot,
Will hold us every day.

Thus will we teach, thus will we live,
While life is to us given;
And when the hour of death draws nigh,
Look up and hope for Heav'n.

*Sidbury Vale.* E. B.

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*To* Miss E. B.

*A Memento of Fraternal Esteem.*

OFT for thy sake, thou dearest name,
My numbers can rehearse,
Of how I wish'd a poet's flame,
To breathe my soul in verse.

Yet tho' at distance genius stands,
And mocks me with the view,
Accept a tribute love demands,
But dulness pays to you.

That so, when ev'ry future year
Shall close its transient flight,
Tho' oceans wide, or deserts drear,
Divide thee from my sight.

Or tho' this heart, which now is warm'd
With more than nature's blaze,
Into a clay-cold clod transform'd,
To native dust decays.

Still may these lines that bosom greet,
Where once a brother hung;
Still may the senseless ink repeat
What once a brother sung.

And O! if dogg'rel rude can move,
Where Phœbus' self would fail,
Or, if the warmest wish of love
Fraternal might prevail.

And if amidst these realms of woe,
True bliss to man be giv'n,
Be your's the favour'd lot to know
That sublunary heaven.

Be your's a large and boundless share,
And more than earth supplies,
Of peace serene, of joy sincere,
Of friends without disguise.

Be virtue your's in rustic vest,
And hope for ever young,
And innocence, with tuneful breast,
In notes ætherial strung.

May science from her lonely cell
A frequent guest intrude,
For she can charm, without a spell,
The haunts of solitude.

But O! may pride's infernal form
Far from your breast retire;
For ever gnawing is its worm,
And quenchless is its fire.

And envy too—that hideous sprite,
On her own mis'ry bent;
With pale despair, corroding spite,
And meagre discontent.

Thus thro' each livid livelong day,
Till latest life's decline,
Shall joys unsullied mark your way,
And suns unclouded shine.

Then, if amidst such perfect bliss,
And in a mind so free,
One idly-wand'ring thought should rise,
Perhaps you'll think of me.

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TO MIRA.

IF native dignity and ease
With ev'ry varied pow'r to please;
If all that's good, and all that's fair,
Can shield the breast from anxious care;
Then must thy years serenely flow,
Exempt from ev'ry human woe.
But such, alas! our destin'd state,
While here we run the maze of fate;
That all the charms of heav'n-born truth,
With wisdom, beauty, health, and youth,
Must, undistinguish'd, fade, and die,
Quick as the transient seasons fly.

W. B.